If any euill by him be practiſed.

Biſh. If my Lord Warden? Nay then I charge you
That all the Cinque-ports whereof you are cheefe,
Be laid forthwith, that he eſcapes vs not.
Shew him his highneſſe warrant M. Sheriffe.

L. War. I am ſory for the Noble Gentleman.

Biſh. Peace, he comes heere, now do your office.

Enter Harpoole and Oldcaſtle.

Cob. Harpoole what buſineſſe haue we here in hand?
VVhat makes the byſhop and the ſheriffe here?
I feare my comming home is dangerous,
I would I had not made ſuch haſte to Cobham.

Har. Be of good cheere my Lord, if they bee foes weele ſcramble ſhrewdly with them: if they bee friends they are welcome.

Croo. Sir Iohn Old-caſtle Lord Cobham, in the Kinges name, I arreſt ye of high treaſon.

Cob. Treaſon M. Croomes?

Har. Treaſon M. Sheriffe? what Treaſon?

Cob. Harpoole I charge thee ſtir not; but be quiet
Do ye arreſt me of Treaſon M. Sheriffe?

Biſh. Yea, of high treaſon, traitor, heretike.

Cob. Defiance in his face that cals me ſo,
I am as true a loyall Gentleman
Vnto his highneſſe, as my proudeſt enemie,
The King ſhal witneſſe my late faithfull ſeruice,
For ſafety of his ſacred Maieſty

Biſh. What thou art, the kings hand ſhall teſtifie,
Shew him Lord Warden.

Cob. Ieſu defend me,
Iſt poſſible your cunning could ſo temper
The Princely diſpoſition of his minde,
To ſigne the damage of a royall ſubiect?
VVell, the beſt is, it beares an anted ate
Procured by my abſence and your malice.
But I, ſince that, haue ſhewd my ſelfe as true,

As any Churchman that dare challenge me.
Let me be brought before his Maieſty,
If he acquit me not, then do your worſt.

Biſh. We are not bound to do kinde offices,
For any traitor, ſchiſmaticke, nor heretike:
The Kings hand is our warrant for our worke,
Who is departed on his way for France,
And at Southampton doth repoſe this night.

Har. O that thou and I were within twenty miles
on Salsbury plaine! I would loſe my head if thou brou
thy head hither againe.

Cob. My Lord Warden o'th Cinque-ports, & Lo
Rocheſter, ye are ioynt Commiſſioners, fauour me ſo
On my expence, to bring me to the king.

Biſh: What to Southampton?

Cob. Thither my good Lord,
And if he do not cleere me of all guilt,
And all ſuſpition of conſpiracy,
Pawning his Princely warrant for my truth:
I aske no fauour, but extreameſt torture.
Bring me, or ſend me to him, good my Lord,
Good my Lord Warden, M. Shrieue entreate.

They both entreat for him

Come hither Lady, nay ſweet wife, forbeare
To heape one ſorrow on anothers necke:
Tis greefe enough falſely to be accuſd,
And not permitted to acquit my ſelfe,
Do not thou with thy kinde reſpectiue teares,
Torment thy husbands heart that bleeds for thee:
But be of comfort, God hath helpe in ſtore
For thoſe that put aſſured truſt in him.
Deere wife, if they commit me to the Tower,
Come vp to London to your ſiſters hou ſe:
That being neere me, you may comfort me.
One ſolace finde I ſetled in my ſoule,
That I am free from Treaſons very thought,